

# THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

\* "Of a Noisy World, With News From All Nations Lumbering at His Back," \*

\$100 A YEAR, ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

ELEVENTH YEAR.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, JANUARY 20, 1896.

NUMBER 44.

## Winchester : Bank, WINCHESTER, KY.

N. H. WITHERSPOON, President.  
R. D. HUNTER, Cashier.  
Paid up Capital, \$200,000.00.  
Surplus, \$60,000.00.

This Bank retains the accounts of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky, and offers its customers every facility, and the most liberal terms within the limits of legitimate banking.

Oct. 18, 1895

W. T. Colvin is now traveling for Trimble Bros., of Mt. Sterling.

Mrs. Sam Wheeler is on the sick list and is now in the country.

Jas. H. Swango, of your place, was in our midst Monday. He will begin a select school here on February 3.

A man whose name we never learned, rode his horse over a cliff more than one hundred feet high, while on his way from Morehead. It is needless to say he was drunk.

## CORRESPONDENCE MORGAN COUNTY.

### West Liberty Doings.

County court Monday. No business of importance transacted.

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### Casey Cuttings.

Big John Bays, of Montgomery county, the great cattle buyer of Eastern Kentucky, was the guest of R. E. and J. T. Caillard Sunday night, en route to Johnson and Floyd counties to buy cattle.

The protracted meeting closed Monday on Caneey with 28 conversions and 9 additions to the church.

David Williams and Mrs. Joe Williams, widow of the late Joe Williams, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony on the 22nd inst. Daves last wife was a sister to his first one, and Joe Williams was his cousin. May they live long and be happy is the wish of your scribe.

Uncle Lish Oney, of White Oak, Madison county, killed himself last Saturday by hanging with a rope. He had been losing his mind for some time, and Saturday morning he arose and put on his best clothes and had his son George shave him for the purpose of going to the quarterly meeting held just above where he lived, but instead of going to church he went up the branch to the house where Dock Oney moved from and tied the rope round a rafter and swung down through the loft and passed into eternity. His funeral was preached Monday and he was buried Tuesday.

NED.

### Sellers Sunshine.

Born, to the wife of Wm. Easterling, a girl.

Long went to Campionton on business last week.

John Bays, of Montgomery county, passed through here Sunday.

James Yocom was in this neighborhood buying cattle.

Mrs. J. H. Wilson is on the sick list. Dr. Nickell is attending her.

The infant child of Boon Phillips and wife died last week. They have the sympathy of the entire community in their affliction.

Married, on the 21st inst., at the residence of the bride's father, Sam O. Brown, Alexander Nickell to Miss Sadie Brown, Rev. B. F. Blankenship officiating. May their pathway be strewn with flowers, and may their greatest troubles be little ones.

Deputy United States Marshals Green and Lacy and others captured Joe Long and Drue Lacy making mountain dew. While on their way to Salyersville to have their examining trial, the boys broke guard and made a desperate attempt to escape, in which Long succeeded, but Lacy was recaptured, had his trial and is now in jail at West Liberty to await the action of the federal court.

### Maytown Missiles.

Mr. Jo Clark, of your town, commenced the building for the roller mill here Monday morning.

L. T. Bolin, formerly of this town, but now of Jackson, was in town this week wanting a good carpenter for Jackson, but failed to get one.

H. C. Hord, of your town, has bought property here and will soon move to it. G. W. Sexton, of Monroe county, has rented property of widow C. A. Swango and has moved to town.

Mr. Ferguson, of Grassy creek, has moved to town and will run the engine for the Maytown mill.

E. W. Meek, the boss miller, will move to your town this week. Mr. Baley also left us for your town. It is fine weather for moving.

J. W. Craven, of your town, and W. R. Marrs, of Knoxville, Tenn., were the guests of W. P. Sample Tuesday.

Maj. W. J. Seitz stopped over night Monday night on his way home from Frankfort. He says the special ten gal-

lon liquor law of Morgan county will not be repealed this session of the legislature. We are sorry for our officials who advocated the repeal.

WINGLESS.

### How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for the capture of Catarch that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, Dr. J. C. Cramer & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists,

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN,

Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

### Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of taxes due me for the year 1895, I, or one of my deputies will, on MONDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1896, at the Court House door, in the town of Campton, Wolfe county, Ky., expose to public sale, for cash in hand, the following tracts of land, viz:

District No. 1—Amyx, J. H., heirs, 32 acres, containing the lands of W. F. Duke. Cost \$2,600. Cost \$19.61 and all cost for advertising.

No. 6—Duncel, John, 109 acres, adj. lands of A. C. Kash. Value \$400. Cost \$5.51 and all cost for advertising.

No. 6.—Rose, R. N., 125 acres, adj. lands of Jerry Childers. Value \$400. Cost \$3.92 and all cost for advertising.

No. 7.—Nickell, Rebecca, 70 acres, adj. lands of George Clark. Value \$280. Cost \$2.75 and all cost for advertising.

S. H. WILSON, S. W. C.

**A Daily Newspaper  
AND  
This Paper  
Both For \$2.50.**

By special arrangement the proprietors of this paper are able to offer it and

### The Louisville Evening Post

for one year for \$2.50. This daily newspaper is essential to every well informed person. It is the equal of the old weekly editions of political dailies.

Its news facilities of the Evening Post are unsurpassed.

—Dr. A. W. Gutt, stands at the head of his profession.

—Dr. W. W. Farnum, M. D., is in charge of Mr. A. W. Farnum.

—It will have daily reports of Comstock ore, copper, zinc, silver, and all that is occurring at Frankfort.

**THE YEAR 1896**

promises to be the most exciting in our political history. The Legislature meets January 7, and at once begins to do its work. It will have daily debate masters of its own.

The Venezuelan affair will greatly affect the course of parties.

The election of November will be fought out.

During such a year of doubt and uncertainty every man wants to read

Daily Market Reports, and those of the Evening Post are the best.

The Evening Post is running daily columns written by the greatest American authors.

Remember the Evening Post and this newspaper both one year, for

\$2.50.

Subscriptions to the Evening Post under this offer are by mail only, postage prepaid.

Send subscriptions to this office.

POST IN JOURNAL, BEGIN QUALITY.

WORMS!

WHITE'S GREAT

VERMIFUCE

FOR 20 YEARS

Has lost all WORM Remedies.

EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED,

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Prepared by Dr. L. C. White,  
Montgomery, Ky.

DRUGGISTS EXCLUSIVELY.

Worms! Worms! We hand made, and purer

in proportion and appearance.

Dr. L. C. White, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon,

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

Obstetrics and gynecology.

Surgey and obstetrics especially.

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WINCHESTER, KY.

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R. D. HUNTER, Cashier.  
Paid up Capital, \$200,000.00.  
Surplus, \$60,000.00.

This Bank solicits the accounts of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky, and offers its customers every facility, and the most liberal terms within the limits of legitimate banking.

**TRADERS DEPOSIT BANK,**  
MT. STERLING, KY.

CAPITAL, \$200,000.00; SURPLUS, \$30,000.

J. M. BIGSTAFF, President.  
G. L. KIRKFRICK, Vice President.  
W. W. THOMSON, Cashier.

We respectfully solicit the business of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky, and offer our banking business done. Give us a chance to send you a bank book, pay your checks, and loan you money when in need.

W. W. THOMPSON, Cashier.

**Broadway Millinery Store.**

New Spring Styles

Hats and Bonnets

OF EVERY GRADE AND PRICE.  
Fancy Goods, Flowers, Hair Braids,  
Ribbons, &c., at prices to suit the times.

**Mrs. MAGGIE CILUM,**  
No. 31 North Broadway, Lexington, Ky.  
Recently removed from 49 N. Broadway.

**COMBS HOUSE,** CAMPTON, KY.  
J. B. HOLLON, PROPRIETOR.

The patronage of the traveling public is respectfully solicited. Table the best, and every attention to the comfort of guests.

**CLARENDON HOTEL,**  
Cor. Short and Limestone Streets,  
LEXINGTON, KY.  
JOSEPH M. SKAIN, Proprietor.

This house is only two squares from Lexington and Eastern (Ky.) depot, is first-class and very reasonable. The patronage of the mountain people is solicited, and the best treatment assured.

**W. J. SEITZ,** WITH  
**W. M. KERR & CO.,**  
FOLDERS IN  
Hardware & Agricultural Implements,  
TRONTON, O.

**C. D. MOORE**, WITH  
BEN WILLIAMSON & CO.,  
Hardware, Cutlery, &c.,  
CATLETTSBURG, KY.

Sole agency for South Bend Plows.

**CHARLES UHL,** WITH

**REED, PEEBLES & CO.**,  
WHOLESALE  
Dry Goods & Notions,  
PORTSMOUTH, O.

**D. R. J. F. LOCKHART,**  
DENTIST.

**EZEL, KY.**

**A. FLOYD BYRD,** Campton, Ky.  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Abstracts of title furnished, collected and prompt returns guaranteed. Connected with the law firm of W. Day & Sterling, Ky., in civil practice.

**A. HOWARD STAPER,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
CAMPION, KY.

Will practice in the courts of Wolfe and the adjoining counties. All business enquired after will receive prompt attention.

**E. JOHNSON,** H. SWANGO,  
Hazel Green.

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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

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HAZEL GREEN, KY.

Surgery and obstetrics a specialty.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### MORGAN COUNTY.

#### West Liberty Doings.

County court Monday. No business of importance transacted.

W. T. Colvin is now travelling for Trimble Bros., of Mt. Sterling.

Mrs. Sam Wheeler is on the sick list and is now in the country.

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The protracted meeting closed Monday on Caney with 28 convulsions and 9 ad-ditions to the church.

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Both  
For ...\$2.50.

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The news facilities of the Evening Post are unsurpassed.

Mr. A. W. Butt, managing editor.

Its Frankfort Bureau is in charge of Mr. A. W. Farman.

It is the only paper in Congress.

All that is occurring at Frank-

fort.

**THE YEAR 1896**

promises to be the most exciting in our political history. The Legislative and Senatorial contests open.

The Venezuelan affair will greatly affect the course of politics, which will be held in June and July.

November will be

full of surprises.

It is full of anxiety and

distress every man wants to read

of the federal court.

**SUNSHINE.**

United States Marshals Green

Lacy and others captured Joe Long and

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While on their way to Salyerville for their examining trial, the boys broke guard

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#### WINGLESS.

#### How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any information that cannot be obtained by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Proprs., Toledo, O.  
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by his firm.

W. T. TRAUX, Wholesale Druggist, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARTIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

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**Sheriff's Sale.**

By virtue of taxes due me on the year 1895, I, or one of my deputies will, on MONDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1896, at the Court House door, in the town of Campbell, Wolfe county, Ky., expose to public sale, for cash in hand, the following tracts of land, viz:

District No. 6—Campbell, J. H., heirs, 10 acres, adj. lands of A. C. Kash. Value \$400. Cost \$51 and all cost for advertising.

Dist. No. 6—Rose, R. N., 125 acres, adj. lands of Jerry Childers. Value \$2,600. Cost \$19.61 and all cost for advertising.

Dist. No. 7—Nickell, Rebecca, 70 acres, adj. lands of George Clark. Value \$280. Cost \$2.75 and all cost for advertising.

S. H. WILSON, S. W. C.

A daily newspaper, with all the names implies, 312 days in the year, and THE HERALD one year, all for \$2.50, is one of the miracles of cheap journalism. But we have arranged with the publishers

of the Louisville Evening Post for this great combination. If you want daily market reports, or full and fair reports from Washington or Frankfort, you should send your subscriptions to us at once.

The Evening Post does not color its news, so you get all the news straight. The state news of the Evening Post is the best department in any daily paper. Remember, the Evening Post and this journal for \$2.50.

There will be a meeting held on Friday, the 7th of February, at the residence of Dink Murphy, on the Murphy fork of Grassy. Elder Dunegan and other preachers will participate in the services. This meeting has been held annually on the same date for many years, and was instituted for the benefit of Old Uncle Billy Murphy, who died on the seventh day of February, the date just now not remembered.

Japanese Oil is said to be the most wonderful liniment for external application that scientific chemists have been able to compound. Hundreds and thousands testify to this, as it has saved both life and expense. Sold at this office at 10 cents a bottle. Try it, as it is a household necessity and always "a friend in need."

Jas. H. Swango, of this place, will begin a select school at West Liberty on Feb. 3, for a term of ten weeks.

He will no doubt have a large school, and several

teachers are expected to enroll, prepare

for examinations for certificates in the summer.

**An Old Soldier's Recommendation.**

In the late fall I was a soldier in the First Maryland Volunteers, Company G, during the term of service. I contracted chronic diarrhoea, since then I have used a great amount of medicine, but when I found any that would give me relief it would injure my stomach, until Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy was brought to my notice.

I used it and will say it is the only remedy that gave me permanent relief, and I can assure you it is a valuable addition to any family's medical kit.

—Take pleasure in recommending this preparation to all my old comrades, who, while giving their services to their country, contracted this dreadful disease as I did, from eating unwholesome and uncooked food.

Yours truly, A. E. Bending, Halsey, Oregon. —For sale by John M. Rose.

Bruce Marcus was last week sent to the penitentiary for one year from the Wolfe circuit court on charge of perjury in the issuance of a marriage license.

Bruce is the son of Ned Marcus, of Breathitt county. The case will be appealed.

Some time ago Mr. Simon Goldbaum,

of San Luis Rey, Cal., was troubled with a lame back and rheumatism. He used Chamberlain's Pain Relievers and a prompt cure was effected. He says he has since advised many of his friends to try it and all who have done so have spoken highly of it. It is for sale by John M. Rose.

## Constipation & Biliaryness

Sick-headache,  
Pains in the back,  
Sallow complexion,  
Loss of appetite and  
Exhaustion.

There is only one cure, which is

**RAMON'S LIVER PILLS**  
AND  
**TONIC PELLETS**

One Pink Pill touches the liver and removes the bile.

One Tonic Pellet nightly, acts as a gentle laxative in keeping the bowels open, restores the digestive organs, tones up the nervous system and makes new rich blood. Complete treatment, two medicines, one price, 25c.

Treatise and sample free at any store.

**BROWN MFG. CO., NEW YORK.**

If you are indebted to this office on subscription, job work or advertising, you will oblige us very much by coming to the Captain's office and paying your dues. We need a little of the filthy money about the office to keep it open, and your promptness will relieve our distress and be forever appreciated. Never mind the rush. Come on and we'll try and attend your wants.

J. R. Barkley, a prominent timber man of East Tennessee, was the guest of his friend, N. L. Ware, of this place, Tuesday, and with that gentleman left Wednesday morning for the far side of this country on a prospecting tour.

Some time ago Mr. Simon Goldbaum, of San Luis Rey, Cal., was troubled with a lame back and rheumatism. He used Chamberlain's Pain Relievers and a prompt cure was effected. He says he has since advised many of his friends to try it and all who have done so have spoken highly of it. It is for sale by John M. Rose.

Take a short cut to prosperity

by advertising in the

**HERALD**



Mr. George W. Tully  
Benjamin, Missouri.

## Good Advice Quickly Followed

### Cured of Rheumatism by Hood's Saraparilla.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"I was taken down with rheumatism over a year ago. I was sick for over six months and could not have any strength. I could hardly endure the pain. A friend came to me and advised me to try Hood's Saraparilla. I took eight bottles of it, and almost immediately I was taken eight bottles of it.

#### It Has Cured Me.

When the doctors could do me no good whatever, after being benumbed so much from this medicine I describe Hood's Saraparilla as a wonder. It has cured me of rheumatism, and who is troubled with rheumatism not to be willing to try it?"

Hood's Saraparilla, I am a farmer, and the medicine has given me much energy, and strength to perform my work. Yours truly, George W. Tully, Benjamin, Missouri.

Hood's Pills are hand-made, and perfect in proportion and appearance. No. 25c.

Wanted, 500 bushels of good Wheat. Will pay 75c. per bushel on notes and accounts, or in merchandise, including flour, etc. To be paid half yearly by account of the HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

THE : NEW : YORK : LEDGER.

America's Greatest Story Paper.

Always publishes the best and most interesting short stories, serial stories and special articles that can be procured, regardless of expense. The latest fashion news from Europe and America, the latest news from the Women's Word Page. There is also something in the Money Ledger, which will interest every member of the family.

Send for sample copy. No. 25c.

W. R. MARS, representing the whole

sale of George & Murphy, of

Knoxville, Tenn., was a guest of the Day House a few days this week.

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# THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher

HAZEL GREEN.

## SETTLE WITH THE SWORD.

**Students at Heidelberg Cling to Vindicate Their Honor.**

The duels of Heidelberg are very famous. There is perhaps no university in Germany at which dueling is not practiced, but here it is regarded almost as a religious duty. The sons of the rich congregate at Heidelberg, and they are the people who are most inclined to take part in student pastime in Germany. It is said to be an exaggeration to say that between 20 and 30 duels take place here every week during the semester, and these nearly all at the Hirschgasse, a little tavern across the river from Heidelberg, which is known and advertised everywhere as the place of resort for such encounters. It has served in this capacity for a great many years. Signboards point to it, and the students buy their books and everyone knows it except the university officials and the police. It is not a ten-minute walk from the center of the town, though it is outside of the city jurisdiction. This, however, seems to be a matter of no moment, for some of the clubs for a period last year fought in the town itself, at a tavern directly in the shadow of the old castle. There are duels here three or four mornings every week by the members of the various fighting clubs, of which Heidelberg has an enormous number. The most aristocratic of them all is the Saxon-Borsig Club. This club bears cartel relations with the Borsig of Bonn, to which the Hohenzollerns belong. Five or six duels between various combatants are usually fought on the same morning.

This is all a curious commentary on law and order as they are supposed to exist in Germany. Such machinery as the government set up to deal with these duels is not to be found here. Foursights in which the world, and yet for one reason or another, the duel goes on unheeded. By the laws of the empire, without taking into account the penalties prescribed by the lower jurisdictions, there is the most severe punishment for dueling and challenging to duel. In spite of various attempts to make other interpretations, the student duels have, by the supreme court of the empire, been decided to be duels in the strict sense of the law. Yet probably in the Reichstag, longer ago than last winter, an amendment was made by the kaiser's minister declared himself and his government at issue, not only with the laws and the supreme court, but with whatever moral feeling there may be in the land against this malevolent form of evil.

That there is a strong feeling against the systematic mutilation of the human body in the universities there can be no doubt, though it is difficult to discern. Those who are opposed to it, however, are so far removed from the throne of authority that they cannot make their influence felt. It is one of those abominations, of which there are several in Germany, that will be no way to uproot until there is established a government which can rest in some way upon a free and responsible public opinion. Whatever the government of Germany may do in this case, it is well to comment at Heidelberg that it is not so bad sometimes by those who do not know their subject that all students fight. This is, of course, not true, though there is relatively a larger proportion engaged at it here than at some other universities. There are surely not more than 300 fighters out of a whole attendance of 1,300. This figure, however, may be slightly below the mark.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

## PEDANTRY IN THE ARMY.

Specimens of Absurd Resistance Upon Immaterial Forms.

"What made you leave the army at so early an age and with such a fair record behind you and so promising a career in front of you?" I once asked an officer, whose chief defect was a proneness to act on hot headed impulse. The purpose of his reply was:

"At my last inspection I was questioned by several officers concerning the priories of the soldiers' songs and shiels."

I gave him to understand that I meant the knew nor cared, and of course, I was pretty sharply reprimanded. I became so disgusted with this and similar absurdities of regimental pedantry that I sent in my papers. Once, as president of a board to report on an accident to a horse, I simply stated that "the leg was broken," and received a rather sharp reprimand for trifling language.

Thereupon I announced the fact by suggesting that "the tibia was fractured," and was complimented for the satisfactory lucidity of my report. Tradition declares that in India a similar board recorded an opinion that "the elephant is dead and smells bad." The general, in a towering passion, sent back the proceedings for revision, whereupon the board suspended its report. "The elephant is still dead and smells worse,"—Blackwood's Magazine.

### His Curiosity Aroused.

Proprietor—Where is the bocceoyer? Office Boy—He isn't in. His wife sent him word that the baby was asleep and he's gone home to see what it sounds like.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## REED'S STRANGE ACTION.

**Holds Back the President's Message to Check Extravagance of Members.**

The expected sensational effect of the president's message on the Venezuela affair in the house was neutralized by delay. It lay for hours on Mr. Reed's desk unopened and seemingly forgotten by the members. This was very much alive to the arrival of the message, and when its importance was whispered about there was a strong undercurrent of excitement noticeable throughout the chamber. A debate was going on as to whether there shall be three committees to try the cases for contested seats or whether the old rule of one committee to hear all such cases should be followed.

Speaker Reed refused to break off the debate and have the president's message read, and a rumor that he was doing so to gain time to think out what the republican plan should be gained circulation. Mr. Reed was also charged with desiring to allow the members time to read the message, which had been read to the other house in a newspaper extra, before the president's warm advocacy of the Monroe doctrine should be read aloud by the clerk. In this way it was reasoned that the message would soon be an old story, or at least the edge would be taken off the interest in its contents and its reception deadened.

Whatever may have been the cause for delay, the message, although received soon after the house met at noon, was not read until nearly five o'clock.

Ex-Speaker Crisp had in vain announced that there was a message from the president in defense of the Monroe doctrine. This was in answer to an intimation by Representative Huleck that the president had already done enough to attend to business. Speaker Reed quieted the applause that broke out after Mr. Crisp's remarks and allowed the dreary debate as to the disposition of the contested-seat cases to drag on.

Then the democrats began to filibuster by demanding roll-calls on all sorts of motions relative to the contested seats until it looked as if they were determined to have the session end without the reading of the message, and to thus put the republicans in the position of having set it aside for the day.

Owing to this dreary delay, the clerks in the galleries despaired of hearing the message read and gradually thinned out.

Finally, at about 4:30, the contested-seat cases debate came to an end and the speaker announced a message from the president. By that time almost everybody in the house had read the message and the clerk proceeded without interruption until he came to the passage:

"Nothing remains but to accept the situation, to recognize its plain requirements and deal with it accordingly."

The democrats smiled at this and the republicans started hand-clapping, which gradually grew until the whole house was applauding. The republicans again applauded and were joined by the democrats when the clerk read:

"When such a report is made and accepted it will, in my opinion, be the duty of the United States to resist by every means in its power as a willful aggressor in its rights and interests the appropriation by the United States of any lands or the exercise of governmental jurisdiction over any territory which, after investigation, we have determined of right belonged to Venezuela."

The republicans again applauded when the clerk finished the message, and, as he read the signature, "Grover Cleveland," the democrats joined in. Up jumped Mr. Crisp and Mr. McCreary. Mr. Crisp had a bill in his hand, and Mr. McCreary wanted to make a motion to refer the message to the committee on foreign affairs when it should be appointed. Speaker Reed made no reference to the committee himself, and Mr. Crisp made a motion to adjourn. The speaker refused to see Mr. Crisp, who was waving his bill in the air, and put the motion to adjourn, which was carried. The house broke up with very little excitement, but the members lingered longer than usual to talk over the message and to introduce read as follows:

"He it entered by the senate and house of representatives of the United States, that the sum of \$100,000 be and the same hereby appropriated out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated to pay the expenses of a commission to be appointed by the president to investigate and report what is the true divisional line between the republic of Venezuela and British Guiana."

Mr. Bax Ironsides, of the British embassy, sat in the diplomatic gallery throughout the reading of the message.—N.Y. World.

The republican party is an opportunist party and simple. The issue which brought it into being so long ago arrived to its logical conclusion. For the last 20 years emulated the resources and devices of the ballet dancer, spinning around first on one leg and then on the other, and between the two contriving to make both ends meet. It has no claim which has not been overplayed; it has no convictions worth mentioning.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Speaker Reed wants congress to do nothing and to do it mighty quick.—Indianapolis News.

## BLOCKING BUSINESS.

**The Republican Congress Is Calmly Indifferent.**

The members of the 54th congress are acting very much like the inhabitants of a kicked ant heap. They are running around wildly, trying to find out what struck the creature and who got Reed's name unopened and seemingly forgotten by the members. This was very much alive to the arrival of the message, and when its importance was whispered about there was a strong undercurrent of excitement noticeable throughout the chamber. A debate was going on as to whether there shall be three committees to try the cases for contested seats or whether the old rule of one committee to hear all such cases should be followed.

Beyond the announcement of the committees absolutely nothing was done toward acting on the suggestion made in the president's message. The committee of ways and means is understood to be trying to arrange some plan for raising revenues, but the attempt seems to be of a very perfunctory character.

If the senate alone, or the house by itself, had to deal with this question it would be solved in an hour, but to produce a piece of legislation which will receive the assent of both houses is a task beyond Speaker Reed's ability. There have been a dozen suggestions as to what should be done in order to provide revenues for the government, ranging all the way from Hitt's suggestion to the coining of all the silver in the treasury vaults. These two suggestions, opposite as they are, fairly illustrate the state of affairs in the two houses.

The house of representatives will have nothing to do with any bill that proposes the free coining of silver and the senate will have nothing to do with any bill which does not put the white metal in the foremost place. It appeared for a little while as if the proposition to issue a popular loan in the shape of three per cent, bonds of small denominations, to be sold to the people at large, would go through, but when this proposition reached the senate it was bitterly opposed. Senator Stewart after speaker spoke against it. Stewart said it was a wrong policy and Dubois declared that the senate would never pass any bill that proposed a bond issue. His statement passed unchallenged.

Silver is the main point at issue in the senate. Reed's boom and the Platt-York combine are the controlling forces at the other end of the corridor. Any proposition to reenact any part of the McKinley bill would be bitterly opposed by the combine because it would at once put McKinley prominently before the people and would seriously interfere with the presidential plans of Reed.

The republicans in the house attempt to clear their skirts by saying that any bill they might propose would be vetoed by the president. This is a wrong conclusion. Senator Cleaveland feels strongly on many subjects and under ordinary circumstances would undoubtedly vote to a bill which conflicted with his personal ideas. In the present crisis, however, it is doubted if he would veto any bill that came to him indorsed by both senate and house, always provided it was a clear and practical method of raising money.

Although both the president and Secretary Carlisle have recommended the retirement of greenbacks as a method of retrieving the treasury reserves they both knew that such a measure would stand no show either in the house or the senate. Both houses have been thoroughly polled and an overwhelming majority is against the proposal.

Several bills intended by their authors to add to the revenue of the government have been lately introduced. That is that introduced by Representative Amos Cummings, providing for an issue of three per cent, bonds of small denominations as a popular loan. For the reasons given in the foregoing this bill has no chance of passing.

Mr. Hill, of Connecticut, thinks an increase in the duties on tobacco will bring several millions into the treasury. Quigg, of New York, is down on imported precious stones, and has introduced a bill providing for an increase in the duties. Bowers, of California, wants a high duty put upon the importations of fruits and nuts. There have been other bills introduced looking to an increase in the tax on beer and in other internal revenue matters. Some of these might pass the house, but they will infallibly be blocked in the senate.

The house is willing to legislate for Mr. Cleveland if it can keep clear of silver. The senate will sit on every bill that is not silver plate. That is the situation.—Chicago Chronicle.

### PARAGRAPHIC POINTERS.

Platt, policy and perquisites won the day for St. Louis.—N.Y. World.

Speaker Reed is the congressional Santa Claus, and his sleigh is about to start on the rounds.—Boston Herald.

—While Mr. Cleveland has been shooting ducks Mr. Reed has been making them. Mr. Reed is ducking finely to escape punishment.—St. Louis Republic.

—Somehow the electric lights on the Tom Iredell boom are not quite so dazzling as they were before Mr. Cleaveland began to evolve messages so rapidly.—Chicago Record (Ind.).

—Speaker Reed observes that there are a good many Meine men who want to be taken care of and this is a case when it is especially hard for the case to stay no.—St. Paul Globe.

## Great Reduction in Time to California.

Once more the North-Western Line has reduced the time of its trans-continental trains, and the journey from Chicago to California via the Pacific route is now in the marvelously short time of three days. Palace Drawing-Room sleeping cars leave Chicago at 6:30 a.m. and arrive in Los Angeles, completely equipped with一切 comforts, at 6:30 p.m. all meals en route are served in Dining cars. Daily Tourist Sleeping car service connects Chicago and San Francisco and Los Angeles, completely equipped with一切 comforts. Total cost of \$16 each from Chicago to the Pacific Coast. Through trains leave Chicago for California at 6:00 p.m. and 10:30 p.m. in each direction of connecting lines from the East and South.

For detailed information concerning rates, etc., apply to ticket agents of competing lines or address: W. B. KNISBEE, G. P. & T. A., Chicago.

"AH," exclaimed the cannibal chief, smacking his lips, "what kind of a minister was that we had for dinner?" "Your ex-minister," replied the chief, "was a prime minister." —Venice Statesman.

The John A. Salter Seed Co. have recently purchased the catalogue seed business of the Northrup, Braslin, Goodwin Co. of Minneapolis and Chicago and have added this to their already large business. This gives to this wide-awake firm the largest catalogue trade in America. The firm is in magnificent shape to take care of all seed orders as they are large growers of farm and vegetable seeds, own their own lands and have recently added a large and commodious seed store to their already mammoth building at La Crosse, Wis. If you are in want of choice seeds, this is the firm to write to. They mail their new catalogue upon receipt of 25c postage.

The Doctor—"Quer saying that, about truth lying at the bottom of a well." The lawyer—"You wouldn't think so if you knew how many times we lawyers sometimes have to do to get at it."—Boston Traveler.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO. | 22. LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANCIS J. CHENET, | 23. senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENET & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State afarolnd, and that said firm has a large number of Catarach | 24. lars for each and every case of Catarach | 25. that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARACH CURE.

FRANCIS J. CHENET, | 26. SWORN to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A.D. 1888.

A. W. GLEASON, | 27. Notary P.M. Hall's Catarach Cure is taken internally and directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENET & CO., Toledo, O. | 28. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

ALICE (the friend)—"I don't see how anyone can help loving Blanche." (Gertude (the rival).—"She can't help it herself."—Life.

To California in Fulman Tourist Sleeping Cars.

The Burlington Route (C. B. & Q. R.R.) runs personally conducted excursions to California, leaving Chicago every Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday. Accommodation, fitting with carpets, upholstered seats, private beddinng, toilet rooms, etc.; every convenience. Special Agent in Charge, Route 12, Denver; Agent in Lake Louise, Sunshine all the way. Write for descriptive pamphlet to T. A. Grady, Excursion Manager, 21 Clark St., Chicago.

It is a sure evidence of the health and innocence of the beholder if the senses are alive to the beauty of nature.—Thoreau.

All About Western Farm Lands.

"The Corn Belt" is a monthly paper published by the Passenger Department of the Milwaukee, St. Paul and Quincy Railroad. It is designed to give reliable information concerning western farm lands, what can be raised on them, their value, and the expenses of farmers who cultivate them. Copies of the paper will be sent to any address for one year on receipt of 25c postage stamps accepted. Address "The Corn Belt," 269 Adams St., Chicago.

He who comes up to his idea of greatness must always have had a very low idea of it in the first place.—Ruskin.

THE P. & A. AND THE PALM TO Hale's Honey of Homestead and Palm to Hale's Fudge. Toeache Drops Cure in minute.

These are probably as good fish in these as ever were laid about.—Yankee Statesman.

PROS. CRAN CURED ME OF A THROAT AND BREATH OF THREE YEARS' STANDING.—E. C. DAY, Huntington, Ind., Nov. 12, 1894.

SPRINGTIME is stronger than material thoughts rule the world.—Emerson.

Send two cent stamp and address, and we will send you Mother Goose in new clothes—containing ten color plates; ten black and white pictures; and lots of lively jingles.

RICHARDSON & DELONG Bros., Philada., Pa.

THE ARMORER CO. does half the world's wind power to 1/10 what it was. It has many branch offices in the United States and Canada, as far west as San Francisco, and in Europe, London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Rome, and St. Petersburg. It has 100,000 employees and 100,000,000 dollars worth of property. It is a better article for less money than any other.

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manufactured in the world.

Women's shoes—superior quality.

Men's shoes—superior quality.

Children's shoes—superior quality.

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It's the feature of the DeLONG Pat. Hook and Eye. No matter

how you twist and turn, it holds

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send you Mother Goose in new clothes—

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You can't judge of the quality of a book by the binding, nor tell the contents by the title. You look for the name of the author before you buy the book. The name of Robert Louis Stevenson (for instance) on the back guarantees the inside of the book, whatever the outside may be.

There's a parallel between books and bottles. The binding or wrapper of a bottle or the name of the medicine that is on it is no guide to the quality of the medicine or the bottle. The title on the bottle is no warrant for confidence in the contents. It all depends on the author's name. Never mind who made the bottle. Who made the medicine? That's the question.

Think of this when buying Sarsaparilla. It isn't the binding of the bottle or the name of the medicine that you're to go by. That's only printer's ink and paper! The question is, who made the medicine? What's the author's name? When you see Ayer's on a Sarsaparilla bottle, that's enough. The name Ayer guarantees the best, and has done so for 50 years.

## PHILIPPIN JAILER.

A Sermon Which Appeals to the Unconvinced Everywhere.

The Query: "Sirs, What Must I Do to Be Saved?"—This Dr. Talmage Discourses on a Question of Incomparable Importance.

For the closing discourse of the year Rev. Dr. Talmage chose a subject which appeals to the unconvinced everywhere—viz., "The Philippian jailor." The text selected was, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" Acts xvi, 30.

Incarcerated in a Philippian penitentiary, a place cold and dark and damp and loathsome and hideous, unlit by the torch of the official whom he despised, they were alive yet, two ministers of Christ, their feet fast in instruments of torture, their shoulders dripping from the strokes of leather thongs, their mouths hot with inflammation of thirst, their heads faint because they may not lie down. In a comfortable room of that same building and amid pleasant surroundings is a paid officer of the government whose business it is to supervise the prison. It is night, and all is still in the corridors of the dungeon save the murderer struggles with his mad dream, a ruffian turns over in his chains, or the wretched dies a dying consumptive amid the dampness, but suddenly crash go the walls! The two clergymen pass out free. The jail keeper, although from the darkness and horrors hovering around the dungeon, is startled beyond all bounds, and, flambeau in hand, he rushes through amid the falling walls, shouting at the top of his voice, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?"

I stand in awe before you who are asking the same question with more or less earnestness, and I accuse you in this crisis of your soul with a message from Heaven. There are those in this audience who might be more skillful in argument than I am; there are those here who can dive into deeper depths of science, or have larger knowledge; there are in this audience those before whom I would willingly bow as the inferior to the superior, but I yield to no one in this assemblage in a desire to have the people saved by the power of a competent gospel.

I shall proceed to characterize the question of the agitated jail keeper. And, first, I characterize the question as courteous. He might have rushed in and said—"Paul and Silas, you vagabonds!"—said such the text. The word of four letters, "sirs," equivalent to "lords," recognized the majesty and the honor of their mission. Sirs! If a man with a captious spirit tries to find the way to Heaven, he will miss it. If a man comes out and pronounces all Christians as hypocrites, and the religion of Jesus Christ as a fraud, and asks irritating questions about the mystery and inscrutability, saying: "Come, my wise man, explain this and that, and if this and that can't be that, then that's no such man finds his way to Heaven." The question of the text was decent, courteous, gentlemanly, deferential. Sirs!

Again, I characterize this question of the agitated jail keeper by saying that it was a practical question. He did not ask why God let sin come into the world, he did not ask how Christ could be God and man in the same person, he did not ask the doctrine of the cross explained or want to know where Calvin differed, what was the cause of the earthquake. The word of four letters, "sirs," equivalent to "lords," recognized the majesty and the honor of their mission. Sirs! If a man with a captious spirit tries to find the way to Heaven, he will miss it. If a man comes out and pronounces all Christians as hypocrites, and the religion of Jesus Christ as a fraud, and asks irritating questions about the mystery and inscrutability, saying: "Come, my wise man, explain this and that, and if this and that can't be that, then that's no such man finds his way to Heaven." The question of the text was decent, courteous, gentlemanly, deferential. Sirs!

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Again I characterize this question of the agitated jail keeper as one personal to himself. I have no doubt he had many friends, and he was interested in their welfare. I have no doubt he found that there were persons in that place who, in the earthquake had deserted them, would have found no place to go to, and he was questioning about them. The whole weight of his question turns on the pronoun "I." "What shall I do?" Of course, when a man becomes a Christian, he immediately becomes anxious for the salvation of other people, but until that is reached the most important question is about your own salvation. "What is to be my destiny?" "What are my prospects for the future?" "Where am I going?" "What shall

I do?" The trouble is we shuffle the responsibility off upon others. We prophesy a bad end to that inebriate and terrible exposure to that profiteer. We are so busy in weighing other people we forget ourselves to get into the scales. We are so busy with the poor gardeners of other people that we our own doorway go to ground. We are so busy sending off other people like the lily that sink in the wave. We cry "Fire!" because our neighbor's house is burning down and seem to be uninterested, although our own house is in the conflagration. O wandering thoughts disappear to-day. Blot out this entire audience except yourself. Your sin is it pardoned? Your death, is it provided for? Your heaven, is it secured? A mighty earthquake that which demolished the Philippian penitentiary will rumble about your ears. The foundations of the earth will give way. The earth by one tremor will fling all the American cities into the dust. Cathedrals and palaces and prisons which have stood for thousands of years will topple like a child's block house. The surges of the sea will submerge the land and the Atlantic oceans above the Alps and the Andes snap their hands. What will become of you? I do not wonder at the anxiety of this man of my text, for he was not only anxious about the falling of a prison, but the falling of a world.

Again, I remark, I characterize this question of the agitated jail keeper as one of incomparable importance. Men are alike, and I suppose he had scores of questions on his mind, but all questions for this world are hushed up, forgotten, and while he asks the question of the text, "What must I do to be saved?" And have you, my brother, any question of importance compared with that question? Is it a question of business? Your common sense tells you that you will soon cease worldly business. You know very well that you will soon pass out of that partnership. You know that beyond a certain point of all the possessions of this world of goods sold you will not have a yard of variegated cloth, or a pound of sugar, or a pound's worth. After that, if a confederation should sweep all Washington into ashes it would not touch you and would not damage you. If every cashew should abscond, and every bank suspend payment, and every insurance company fail, it would not affect you. Oh, how insignificant is business this side the grave with business on the other side the grave! Have you made any purchases for eternity? Have you any last forever? Are you jobbing for time when you might be wholesaling for eternity? Is there any question so broad at the base, so altitudeous, so overshadowing as the question, "What must I do to be saved?" Or is it a domestic question? Is it something about father or mother or husband or wife or son or daughter? That is the most constant question. You know by universal law the law of nature the relation will soon be broken up. Father will be gone, mother will be gone, children will be gone, you will be gone, but after that the question of the text will begin to harvest its chief gains, or deplore its worst losses, or roll up its mightiest magnitudes, or sweep its vaster circles.

Oh, what a question!—what an important question! Is there any question that compares with it in importance? What is it now to Napoleon III whether he triumphed or surrendered at Sedan, whether he died at Waterloo or Chisletur, whether he was captured or exiled? Because he was laid out in the coffin in the dress of a field marshal, did that give him any better chance for the future than if he had been laid out in a plain shroud? What difference will it make to you or to me whether in this world we walked or rode, whether we were bowed to or maltreated, whether we were applauded or hissed at, welcomed in or kicked out. What have we to do with the future and learning in every splendor or every grief and overarching or undergirding all time and all eternity will be the plain, startling, infinite, stupendous question of the text, "What must I do to be saved?"

Again, I characterize this question of the agitated jail keeper as one crushed out by his misfortunes, pressed out by his misfortunes. The falling of the penitentiary, his occupation was gone. Besides that the flight of a prisoner was organized the dead hand of the jailor. He was held responsible if he had gone well; if the prison walls had not been shaken of the earthquake; if the prisoners had all staid quiet in the stocks; if the morning sun had calmed dropped on the jailer's pillow, do you think he would have hurled this red-hot question from his soul into the ear of his apostolic prisoners? Ah, no! You know as well as I do it was the earthquake that roused him up. And it is the earthquake that starts great many people to ask important questions. It has been so with a multitude of you. Your apparel is not as bright as it once was. Why have you changed the garb? Do you not like softening and crimson and purple as well as yellow? But, you say: "While I was prosperous and happy those colors were accordant with my feelings. Now they would be discord to my soul." And so you have plaited up the shadows into your apparel. The world is a very different place from what it was once for you

once you said: "Oh, if I could only have it quiet a little while!" It is too quiet.

Some people say that they would not bring back their departed friends from Heaven even if they had the opportunity to do so. We are so busy getting other people we forget ourselves to get into the scales. We are so busy with the poor gardeners of other people that we our own doorway go to ground. We are so busy sending off other people like the lily that sink in the wave. We cry "Fire!" because our neighbor's house is burning down and seem to be uninterested, although our own house is in the conflagration. O wandering thoughts disappear to-day. Blot out this entire audience except yourself. Your sin is it pardoned? Your death, is it provided for? Your heaven, is it secured?

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But I remark again, I characterize this question of the agitated jail keeper as hasty, urgent, and immediate. He put it on the run. By the light of his torch as he goes to look for the apostles behind his face, see the startled look and see the earnestness.

No one can doubt by that look that the man is earnest. He must have that question answered before the earth stops rocking or perhaps he will never have it answered at all.

Is that the way, my brother, my sister, you are putting this question? Is it on the run? Is it hasty? Is it urgent? Is it immediate? If it is not, it will not be answered. That is the only kind of question that is answered.

It is the urgent and immediate question of the gospel Christian answer. A great man was asking this question, but they drove it away.

There is indifference in their manner as if they do not mean it. Make it an urgent question and then you will have it answered before an hour passes.

With all the earnestness of his soul cries out for God, he finds Him, and finds him right away.

Oh, are there not in this house today those who are postponing until the last hour of living the attending to the dying of the flesh? I give it as my opinion that ninety-nine out of every hundred deathbed repentances amount to nothing.

Of all the scores of persons mentioned as dying in the Bible, of how many do you read that they successfully repented in the last hour?

Of 50? No. Of 40? No. Of 30? No. Of 20? No. Of 10? No. Of 5? No.

Or I—only, barely, 1, if to demonstrate the fact that there is a bare possibility of repenting in the last hour. But that is improbable, and is impossible.

One hundred to one against the man. If my brother, my sister, you have ever seen a man try to repent in the last hour, you have seen something very sad. I do not know anything on earth so sad as to see a man try to repent on a deathbed.

There is not from the moment that life begins to breathe in infancy to the last gasp such an unfavorable, completely unavoidable, and hopeless repentence as that of the death hour, the last hour.

There are the doctors standing with the medicines.

There is the lawyer standing with the half written will.

There is the family in consternation as to what is to become of them.

All the bells of eternity ringing the soul out of the body. All the past rising before us and all the future. Oh, that man is an infinite fool who procrastinates to the deathbed his repentance.

My text does not answer the question. It only asks it, with deep and importunate earnestness asks it, and, according to the rules of sermonizing, you would say: "Adjourn that to some other time." But I do not.

What are the rules for sermonizing to me when I am after souls? What other time could I have when perhaps this is the only time?" This might be my last call for judgment. This might be your last call for hearing.

After my friend in Philadelphia died his children gave his church Bible to me, and I read it; looked over it with much interest. I saw in the margin written in lead pencil, "Mr. Talmage said this morning that the most useless thing in all God's universe is that any sinner should perish."

"Twelve gates wide open.

Hear you not head how Christ bore our sorrows and how sympathetic He is with all our woes?

Have you not heard how with all the sorrows of heart and all the agonies of hell upon him he cried: "Father, forgive them.

They know not what they do."

By his feet blotted of the mountain way, by his back whipped until the skin came off, by his death march four miles, two for the hands and two for the feet, by hissepulcher, in which for the first time for 73 years the cruel world,

let him alone, and by the heavens from which he now bends in compassion offering pardon and peace and life eternal to all our souls, I beg you to put down your air at His feet.

I saw one hanging on a tree with his blood.

Was fixed his eyes on me.

At near his cross I stood.

On, never till my latest breath.

Will I forget that look.

It seemed to charge me with his death.

Though not a word he spoke.

In the troubled times of Scotland Sir John Cochrane was condemned to death by the king. The death warrant was the way. Sir John Cochrane bidding farewell to his daughter said: "Farewell, my darling child." His daughter said: "No, father, you shall not die." But, "the king is against me, and the law is after me, and the death warrant is on its way, and I must die. Do not deceive myself, my dear child." The daughter said: "Father, you shall not die," as she left the prison door. At night, on the moors of Scotland, a disguised wayfarer stood waiting for the condemned carrying the mailbags containing the death warrant. The disguised wayfarer, as the horseman clutched the bridle and shouted to the rider—to the man who carried the mailbags, "Disown!" He felt for his arms and was about to shoot, but the wayfarer jerked him from the saddle, and he fell flat. The wayfarer picked up the mailbags, put them on his shoulder, and vanished in the darkness, and six days were thus gained for the prisoner to live during which the father confessed his sins, and the wayfarer jerked him from the saddle, and he fell flat. The wayfarer picked up the mailbags, put them on his shoulder, and vanished in the darkness, and six days were thus gained for the prisoner to live during which the father confessed his sins, and the wayfarer jerked him from the saddle, and he fell flat. The wayfarer picked up the mailbags, put them on his shoulder, and vanished in the darkness, and six days were thus gained for the prisoner to live during which the father confessed his sins, and the wayfarer jerked him from the saddle, and he fell flat. 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# THE HERALD.

EDWARD COOPER, : : : Editor



HAZEL GREEN, KY.  
THURSDAY.....Jan. 30, 1896.

ANNOUNCEMENT.  
We are authorized to announce CHAS. T. BIRD, of Campbell, as a candidate for the office of Circuit Court Clerk for Wolfe County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

## LACONIC LIVE NEWS.

The supervisors of Morgan county have raised the taxable property of that county \$50,000.

Judge James H. Mulligan, consul general to Samoa, arrived in Lexington on Sunday, and on Monday evening was banquetted at the Navarre cafe.

Barney J. Treacy, one of the best known turfmen and trotting horse men in America, made an assignment at Lexington last week for the benefit of creditors.

The court of appeals affirmed the death sentence of Henry Smith, colored, of Lexington. Smith's crime was criminal assault, committed on the person of Mrs. Henderson.

Cuban affairs have materially changed within the last few days, and it now looks as if the insurgents will be defeated just when it was hoped they would gain their independence.

William E. Schlemmer, a faith healer, has been making some very remarkable cures of chronic diseases at and near Antonio, Ohio, and from newspaper reports is becoming as famous as our own Sol Adams.

Senators Frank J. Cannon and Arthur Brown, of the new state of Utah, took the oath of office in the U. S. senate chamber on Monday, the former drawing the term ending March 18, 1896, and the latter the term expiring March 18, 1897.

"Next" was not heard in a Chicago barber shop Saturday night, as is the usual custom, because the six girl barbers went on a strike. The sweetheart of one had called to escort her to a ball, when the proprietor ejected him. Hence the strike.

We acknowledge the receipt of the Arkansas Kicker, published at Hardy, Arkansas, and note among other things that it publishes "The Little Country Town," a poem which originated with this paper, (we didn't write it,) and from indications is likely to become as famous as THE HERALD.

Thomas Foreman, a prominent business man of Lexington, and the late Republican candidate for mayor of that city, died suddenly of heart disease Saturday morning while at the breakfast table, aged 55 years. Mr. Foreman began life a very poor boy, but by strict industry and business integrity won wealth in every venture he made and above all the esteem of his fellow-man.

Since this paper made the announcement a few weeks ago that Hon. W. M. Beckner, of Winchester, would probably be a candidate for congress from this district, the papers generally have spoken in the most favorable terms of that gentleman, and we but voice the

sentiment of the masses when we maintain that he is the strongest man yet mentioned. During the short time he served in the national legislature he proved his worth as a worker and the people will return him, or we are much mistaken.

Wood Dunlap, of Lexington, and one of the most prominent young Republicans in Kentucky, has authorized the announcement that he will be a candidate for delegate-at-large from Kentucky to the National Republican convention. Mr. Dunlap is one of the cleverest fellows that ever affiliated with the Republican party and we should like to see him get the nomination.

Mary Nellis, wife of the man and Edward Gardner, barkeeper, and her paramour, have been detected in an attempt to do Peter H. Nellis, proprietor of the Avenue hotel at Erie, Penn., by slow poison. Nellis carries a \$10,000 insurance policy, and this mixed with the illicit love of the couple, is supposed to have instigated the crime.

HON. W. J. SEITZ FOR McKinley.  
A Prominent Mountain Republican Voices the Sentiment of His Section.

Hon. W. J. Seitz, of West Liberty, has been here for several days. Mr. Seitz is one of the most prominent in the Republican ranks of the Tenth Kentucky district. He will run for congress in that district this fall. He says he is ardently for sound money and protection and will make them issues of his campaign.

Mr. Seitz has business interests in the mountain section and travels over 14 of the 16 counties in the district. In discussing the situation there as to its choice for Republican presidential nominees, Mr. Seitz said:

"My district is unquestionably for William McKinley for president. He is the first and only choice of the Tenth district, and as sure to get its votes as the convention is held."

"Of course," continued Mr. Seitz, "if a time should come in the convention when the nomination of Gov. Bradley is probable or possible, the Tenth district would be glad to honor him with its votes, but as a direct issue between the other presidential candidates, nine men out of ten are for McKinley first, last and always.

McKinley, in the eyes of the people of Kentucky, is the ideal candidate for president. His position on the currency question and protection, his absolutely clean official and personal record, his splendid mastery of all public questions and his perfect independence of political combines and political machines, make him the central figure of the Republican party and of American politics. I regard his nomination on the first ballot at St. Louis as an absolute certainty."

What position will your district take as to a delegate from the state at large?" asked the reporter.

"Why, it will support no man not recognized as a supporter of McKinley. Of course, if the delegate has announced for Bradley first and McKinley second, that will be all right. We will not object to that. But we will support no man who is non-committal as to second choice or committed to any other than McKinley. The people of my district do so believe that Kentucky should send a 'trading' delegation to St. Louis, and they propose to know precisely how every delegate stands toward McKinley. It is only a question of allowing the people to express an opinion, and they propose to do it.

McKinley will sweep the country as no man has in a generation. He always runs ahead of his ticket.

The Ohio legislature in 1890 gerrymandered his district, making it Democratic by 3,200 and the Democrats nominated Lieutenant Governor Warwick, their strongest man, against him. In spite of the tidal wave that year that gave the Democrats 440 majority in congress, McKinley was beaten only 285 in that enormously Democratic district.

"In 1891 he was nominated for

governor and ran ahead of his ticket. In 1893 he made the second race for governor and won by \$5,000, then the largest majority ever given in Ohio in a time of peace. In 1895 he threw his personality into the campaign, stamping every district and county and helped pile up 160,000 majority for Gen. Bushnell.

I am personally acquainted with Gov. McKinley and I can say that if the convention nominates McKinley the Republican party will not have to apologize or explain a single act in official career or private life. With McKinley as our candidate we will sweep the north and south."—Staff cor. Lexington Leader.

We will take good sound corn on all subjects and have this office where parties have not the money and influence cents per bushel. The corn to be delivered at this office.

## In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected.

Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

## Browns Iron Bitters

### It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Constipation, Bad Blood, Malaria, Nervous ailments.

Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the bottle and is registered. On receipt of 20c stamp we will send set of Ten Beautiful World's Best Cures.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

You are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted. You have no appetite and can't work. Let us once give you the most reliable strengthening medicine. Brown's Iron Bitter's cure comes from the roots of the Rose Root. It won't stain your teeth, and it's pleasant to take.

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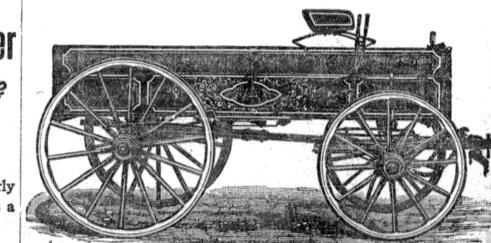
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HAZEL GREEN, KENTUCKY.



WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF BUILDING FARM and ROAD WAGONS, use the Best Material and Guarantee Satisfaction. Call and get our prices, and when you need anything of the kind give me your order. Patronize Home People, get only Honest Work, and be Happy.

IN THE HORSE SHOEING AND REPAIR DEPARTMENT WE employ only skilled labor, every man being an artist in his specialty, and your work is respectfully solicited.

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**FIRE. LIFE. ACCIDENT.**

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ASSETS OVER.....\$260,000.00.  
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TRIMBLE BROTHERS,  
**WHOLESALE : GROCERS,**  
MT. STERLING, KY.

# THE HERALD.

Hazel Green Hearsays & Happenings.

Mrs. Maggie Kash has been very sick for several days.

Gaines Cole, of West Liberty, was in town last Friday.

R. A. Kash's baby is still suffering with hooping cough.

J. T. Day went to Campion Sunday to attend circuit court.

J. B. Thompson attended court at Campion on Monday.

Look at the date after your name and pay up what you owe.

Uncle Sam Swango's residence on the "Heights" is about completed.

Major Siezt, of West Liberty, was a guest of the Day House Wednesday.

Prof. Cord preached an excellent sermon at the Christian church Sunday.

Lykins and Hager postoffices, of Magoffin county, have been discontinued.

N. L. Ware made a flying trip to Terrell Monday, returning the same day.

O. A. Kendall, of Farmers, was the guest of J. B. Thompson a few days this week.

Courtesy McGuire made a flying visit to White Oak Saturday and returned Sunday.

Prof. Cord and J. W. Cravens have rented the farm of the late Fletcher McGuire.

Misses Monrovia Testerman and Margaret Whitaker were callers at THE HERALD office Saturday.

Rev. West, Moore and others are conducting a protracted meeting at the M. E. church in this place.

Elder Sam Taubee will preach at Daysboro on Saturday at 2 o'clock p.m., and on Sunday at 11 o'clock.

Burnie Finch bought a good work male from John M. Rose last week, but we did not learn the price.

Mrs. Strother Nickell, near Daysboro, who has been quite ill of erysipelas for sometime has about recovered.

O. H. Swango went to White Oak last Friday to deliver the mules that Harris Howard bought of John M. Rose.

Mrs. H. H. Nickell and Mrs. Harris McClure, of the Nickell fork of Grassy, paid our office a pleasant call yesterday.

Revenue officers raided a moonshine still on White Oak, in Morgan county, one night last week, and destroyed the still.

Douglas Evans, writing from Campton under date of the 27th inst., says: "We have a 12-pound girl at our house; all well."

Born, to the wife of S. D. Brown, of the Toliver neighborhood, on Monday, Jan. 20, a fine girl baby, weight, 13 pounds.

I. N. Phipps, representing B. Kuppenheimer & Co., a large clothing house of Chicago, was registered at the Day House last week.

George Wheeler this week bought a lot of Uncle Press Trimble, near John Davis' house, on which he will soon build.

Impure blood is the cause of boils, pimples and other eruptions. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, and cures these troubles.

David Gillaspie started this morning for Pike or Floyd county, where he will make his future home. Burnie Finch moved his effects.

A Mr. Tisher and Thomas Thull, of Mt. Sterling, were in this section buying mules last week. They were paying fair prices for good mules.

Steve Brown has rented the Arbury Swango farm at Toliver postoffice and Mr. Swango will take charge of the Swango spring near Hazel Green.

Ex Judge Daniel Lansaw, of this county, has been confined to his home on Stillwater with chills and fever for a month past, and thinks of going to Louisville for treatment.

Frank Havens, living near the mouth of Grassy, in Morgan county, will on Wednesdays, Feb 12th, sell a lot of corn, hogs, farming implements, etc. For particulars inquire.

A rogue broke into Rollin Kash's smoke house one night last week and carried away a side and ham of meat. Rollin is not in a very good humor about it, but says he will give a liberal reward for the return of the meat.

## OFFER EXTRAORDINARY! TWO GOOD PAPERS FOR the Price of One.

## ENGLISH KITCHEN.

Regular Meals, 25 cents. Meals to order at all hours. Breakfast from 5 to 9 a.m. Dinner from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. Supper from 5 to 9 p.m.

Oysters, Lamb Fries, Fish and Chicken a Specialty.  
GUS. LUGARRE, Proprietor.

### BARGAINS FOR CASH!

JOHN M. ROSE,  
DEALER IN

GENERAL : MERCHANDISE,

Consisting of Dry Goods, Notions, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Quenware, Hardware, &c. Also, the celebrated Avery Plows. All of which will be sold for the lowest living price for cash, produce or live stock. All persons who owe me must settle their accounts and notes, as I need the money and need it badly.

No one need apply for credit unless they have settled in full what they owe me.

Respectfully,

JOHN M. ROSE.

Call on or address  
SPENCER COOPER,  
Hazel Green, Ky.

It has been facetiously remarked that bilious headache reminds you of each of your past sins and several of your future ones. There is less excuse for bilious headaches in these days than formerly, since they can be completely cured by a simple course of Ramon's Tonics Liver Pills. Ask your druggist about this wonderful new remedy. It costs but 25c. a box, and is rarely known to fail. Try a free sample. With each box there are some tiny pellets for "tuning up" the system.

A peculiar double wedding took place on Crittenden, Breathitt county, about a week ago. Mr. Floyd Carpenter married Miss Martha Carpenter, and Mr. George Carpenter married Miss Azlia Carpenter. All of the young folks are cousins, and among other guests at the wedding was Uncle Billy Carpenter, who was the great grandfather of all the contracting parties.

In Your Blood  
Is the cause of that tired, languid feeling which afflicts you at this season. The blood is impure and has become thin and poor. That is why you have no strength, no appetite, cannot sleep. Purify your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will give you an appetite, tone your stomach, and invigorate your nerves.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy in action and sure in effect. 25 cents.

What has become of our Campion correspondents? We have had a corps there, from time to time, and yet when the most important events occur we hear nothing of them. Wake up, gentlemen! Get a move on yourselves, and do some "hustling" for THE HERALD.

The Cincinnati Weekly Enquirer and the HAZEL GREEN HERALD 12 months for only \$1 to all who subscribe within the next thirty days. Old subscribers can have the advantage of this offer by paying all back dues and \$1 in advance for the next year.

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THE JEWELER.  
EZEZL, Morgan County, Ky.

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# THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN. : KY.

## THIS SORRY WORLD.

Lots o' folks a-wearin' mornin'; some folks puts it on their hat; others don't, but sorrier hid away too deep for that;

Some remind us o' their troubles 'th a lot o' gloomy clothes, While there's some at mourns unheeded by a grave nobody knows.

There's funeral occurrin' all about us evry day; When the poor o' man er woman lays a tender heart o' sorrows.

There is faces that is smilin'; there is lips 'th a laugh an' jest 'th a wish as dear as Heaven buried jest inside the breast.

Love an' joy an' sorrow's come as fast as you might up; Can't you see how my door neighbor's is a sweet or bitter cup?

Why man is glad or gloomy—say, it's pretty hard to tell; You may think he's got a picnic when he's at a funeral.

Ho! if you should meet a feller 'th the sun-shine on his lips, Don't you know you'd be in trouble like a terrible eclipse.

Though he may be bright and cheerful he has grief an' sorror, too; Only he's too kind an' thoughtful for to drown it onto you.

—Nixon Waterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

## THEIR PUNISHMENT.

**L**IIGHT was failing on the valley, between the snow-capped peaks. The mountains, tops however, were still bathed in the splendid rosy light with which the Alps are colored by the rays of the setting sun. These brilliant peaks made the shadows, which crowded over the little town timidly hanging over the rocks, appear blacker and more silent.

The Angelus bell rang from the tower of the old abbey. Within the slow chant of vespers rose from the choir benches of blackened holm oak, over which the sanctuary lamp cast its flickering light.

Away down the dark nave, quite weak and ascetic, came a slender figure. Was she praying, or was she merely lost in the intense melancholy of the hour and place? Kneeling on the stone, she had fallen, her arms lowered, her hands crossed, in an inert and wearied attitude.

The darkness of the place and the black veil that covered her head concealed the expression of her face. However, whether she was praying or whether she was wrapped in reverie, she was so absorbed that she did not perceive that the evening song was over, nor did she hear the soft steps of the monks who were leaving.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by the tinkling of a bunch of keys which echoed through the church, while a voice cried out:

"We close!"

Striking this, the lady rose hastily and, with a hurried step, alighted on her waist as she went the long black cloak which covered her tall and slender figure. She left the church and as she passed along the narrow streets of the village the few passers-by turned to look at her with a certain curiosity, but yet without actual wonder.

Every day at the same hour for 18 years had that same lady been seen passing by, wrapped in her black cloak, her face covered with her thick black veil. For 18 years her mysterious presence in that far-off valley had furnished a subject for the imagination and gossip of the inhabitants. And yet, little by little, before that impenetrable mystery, imaginations had ceased to work and tongues were now reduced to silence.

Accompanied by her husband, she had arrived one morning, a short time ago, about 18 years previous to the time we are describing. They had come alone, without servants and with little baggage. They had alighted at the hotel, where they lived for several months while the house they had bought on the outskirts of the town was being repaired. It was a pretty cottage, surrounded by a full garden of roses.

From the day they had settled in that very modest abode they had led a quiet life. They were known as Signor and Signora Nichollai, but on their silver plate there was a monogram bearing a crown.

What could be their motive for concealing their name? How had they come to that remote corner of the world? Why did they not wish to see anyone, other relatives or friends? Why did they live alone? If they had come from some other planet? They were indeed kind to all and charitable to the poor. But their kindness kept people at a distance, and when they opened their purse it was apparently without feeling.

The husband, a tall, strong man, with an almost athletic physique, appeared at the time of their arrival to be about 30 years of age, his wife not more than 25.

They were never seen together. He

went hunting, or took long walks, always alone. She wandered among the roses of her garden, and every day, morning and evening, she went to the abbey and came back, walking with the same slow and mechanical step. They received papers, magazines, books, but never a letter.

Both seemed sad, of a gloomy and desolate sort of sadness, which those who approached them felt themselves. Many times, indeed, when the husband was able to endure that icy atmosphere, it is certain that they never wrangled nor spoke harshly; on the contrary, there was always between them a dead silence, interrupted only by those short phrases which daily contact made necessary.

Reaching the garden gate, as if fighting an inward repugnance, the lady stopped and passed by. Then she turned back and again passed the gate. At last she entered.

In the hall she found a servant, who on the mute question of her look answered:

"She is in the same condition, signora."

She put her cloak and bonnet on a chair and went upstairs. There she stopped, hesitating again, before one of the doors on the first floor. Opening it rudely, she entered a large, dismal room. There on an iron bed, a bed befitting a soldier, lay her husband.

Noisily she drew near, listened to the sick man's heavy and painful breathing, and, bending over him, she tried to see his face.

Little by little, her eyes growing accustomed to the darkness, she could perceive his convulsions and livid features, his cheeks furrowed with red veins. His heavy eyelids were half closed, his nose, drawn and discolored, stood out above the half-opened lips, from which came short, whistling breath. He was dying.

A woman who had been watching at the bedside had left the room as soon as the signora had come in. And now the latter was alone with the dying man, gazing on that human force that held her in subjection so many years and that was now fading away. This hour, looked forward to for 18 years, this hour longed for, prayed for in the silent revolt of her downtrodden heart, the hour of her liberty, had come at last.

The lady seated herself and let her mind turn once more to the past.

It was the old, old story. She met a young man, the son she adored. At first, it was innocent friendship; then the storm of passion. One day her husband, returning home, had found them together, their hands clasped!

Oh, the terrible recollection! The thought of it made the blood rush to her heart, and she again felt the same shame, same terror, which had wholly overpowerd her before her judge's reverent and stern face.

Everything had suddenly assumed a strange rapidity. She had faced her husband, crying: "Mercy! mercy! I promise to never see him again!"

Her husband had hesitated a moment; had looked at them, crushing them under the weight of his contempt; then, without lowering his revolver, had dictated these conditions:

"Promise on the gospel, on your eternal life, that you will never see this creature again, that you will obey me in all, and that you will accept the punishment which it may please to inflict."

Everything had been done, and she had signed, word for word, what had been insisted upon.

On a sign of her husband the young man, humiliated and vilified, had departed, and her expiation had begun.

Her husband had resigned his command in the army and had gone to live



PASSERS-BY TURNED TO LOOK AT HER.

on that mountain slope, assuming a false name, hiding his secret from all. Like two stones that fall to the bottom of the sea, they had disappeared from society with their leaves. Twain a year, the woman had given up her husband; read her letters, would chide himself in some far-off place. Finally her mother had died, and from that day no letters were sent.

In that terrible isolation she had gone through all the stages of despair. For several days she declined to eat, wishing to starve; but her inexorable judge had said to her:

"You are a Christian; you have promised to obey; therefore eat."

And she obeyed, because even in her excess of despair and revol, even amidst her thoughts of suicide, the idea of failing in her promise had never crossed her mind. That promise was

in a certain sense, the supreme inheritance of her love, the painful tie that bound her to the past.

As she had lived, hope alone remained. She hoped that her husband, after he had noticed her sweetness, docility, and patience, would relent; and for many years she had observed his pensive forehead day by day, hoping to see on it a sign of forgiveness.

He never treated her rudely, he never allowed himself to be wanting in respect to her, to speak to her a harsh or sharp word. Only once, having found her sobbing in a fit of despair, he had said to her:

"My life is no better than yours, yet I have betrayed no one."

He had, in fact, sacrificed everything—his ambition, career, family, pleasure—to bury himself with her, in the same atonement.

She had hoped, but in vain. Days weeks, years had glided on in an infliction monotony; self-control vanished, she became the sport of moods, according to the time and humor—now weary of life, now tormented by remorse, now irritated and full of hatred. How many a time had she said to herself:

"I am old and I am young; he will die and I shall be free! When shall I be free?"

And now he was dying. At this thought she felt a strange spirit-like feeling, which started her. At last she was about to be free, her own mistress; her actions free, her thoughts free, free to love and be loved!

Ah! the joy of escaping from her prison, of seeking other horizons, of grasping friendly hands!

She felt a kind of intoxication in her brain, and rose, feeling the need to



STRETCHED HER ARM TO THE CROSS.

walk or move; stillness was death, and she had enough of death, silence, coldness, solitude.

And as the moon, which was high above the horizon, sent its pale rays through the window she went to lean against the mantelpiece, seized with a kind of uneasiness. She turned her face to the mirror, and stood there looking at herself. She was still beautiful.

Then her lips parted with a smile. Those who had known her would know her still; she would still remember her? And what had become of her friends, of her acquaintances?

And what had become of him? At this question she felt herself seized upon by fear; not that she would appear to him less handsome, or that she had been forgotten. She feared that she might find him unlike the image he had left in her heart; that she might find him changed physically and morally and not recognize him; that he would be a stranger to her.

While she heaped such thoughts she saw before herself in the mirror, slightly illuminated by the reflection of the two isolated eyes gazing on her like coals. Both were brightened by the glow of the dying man, who seemed as if he wanted to follow her in her guilty reverie, she turned with an irresistible motion and went toward the bed, obeying, in spite of herself, a kind of impelling and magnetic call.

Then she crept to her as if it were a deep and desperate voice came from that face which was glowing stone-like.

"I have loved you, I have worshipped you all my life, and you have betrayed me. For years and years I have waited with a painful desire a word that would put balm on my bleeding wound, but you did not share your agony with me. I was innocent, I was a victim, I was a fool; I was half of your punishment, hoping that at least repentance would come to your heart, and lo! with a murderous wish you would like to hasten my death, and as you find it too slow your thoughts turn against your marriage vows. Foolish and faithless that you are! My death cannot free you! Did you not say 'Never'?"

She understood all this as plainly as if he had really spoken, and suddenly she felt the horror of the evil she had done. Yes, he had loved her, he had adored her always, before and after her guilt, and she had placed the coldness of her heart above all else, above even the man's passion.

Then, before the terrible impotence of that conscious agony, she felt that pity, together with remorse, was controlling her heart, and, being moved by an irresistible power, she bent over the dying man, stretched her arm to the cross that hung over his pillow and with a low but distinct voice she repeated her promise:

"I promise that I will never see him again."

The contracted face of the dying man

beamed with serenity, his eyelids closed over his dim eyes, while the only two tears which she had ever seen flowing from these severe eyes came down his cheeks, already cold.

Those two tears were to her like baptism of pardon which washed her guilt away, and a great peace descended upon her heart.

She opened the window, saw the starry heavens along the snowy peaks, in which the moon shed its pale and serene smile; then, lowering her eyes to the deep valley, she sauntered, as if she saw it for the first time, that prison where her life would be spent. She well knew that, to keep her promise, so that she should not bring the lovers of former days together, it was necessary that she should remain exile until, unknown, forgotten, forever.

The tomb, which had opened for an instant, had closed forever, and closed in peace.—Boston Transcript.

## TWO DYED BURGLARS.

The Ludicrous Result of an Attempted Robbery.

A good story is told of the way in which a dyer treated two burglars that he caught in the establishment as they were in the act of making off with some valuable dyes. Mr. S., the owner of the color works, is often engaged in experiments late in the evening in the chemical laboratory, which opens into the room where the great dye vats are.

The thieves made their visit, as it chanced, on one of the nights when Mr. S. was sleeping at the laboratory. He is naturally a light sleeper, and a little past midnight was aroused by the sound of voices in the vatroom. He saw the flash of a light, and suspecting thieves, arose quietly on his stool, took his revolver, and, entering in the darkness, watched the movements of the two men. He saw that each bore a package of new and valuable dyes.

Thinking that matters had progressed far enough, he stepped forward, cocked his revolver, and said, quietly: "I have a use for those dyes. You'd better leave them alone!"

The thieves, taken completely by surprise, dropped their plunder and started to run, leaping from the site of one vat to the next. In the darkness one of them miscalculated the distance and fell headlong into the indigo vat, and his companion, hearing the splash, glanced back to see what had occurred, lost his balance, and toppled into the same vat.

"That's all right," said Mr. S., half jocosely, as he stepped to the edge of the vat and covered the thieves with his revolver. "I won't grudge you enough of that indigo to dye your clothes and your skin. You wouldn't hurry about getting out. We must give the dye a chance to take effect."

For 15 minutes or more he kept the two men in the vat, while they several times plunged beneath the surface of the liquid, and came up spluttering and choking, and finally begged for mercy.

"Well," remarked Mr. S., good-naturedly, "I think you probably are as blue outside as you feel inside, so I won't detain you longer."

"And now," clanging his tons to one of stern command, "if you don't want the police on your tracks you'll make your own source in this town. Out now, and be off!"

Without a word the two men climbed out of the vat and hastened westward. The police were still on the trail, and intended that they should be captured.

"So you lynched the wrong man? Werent you horrified when you found out the mistake?" "I should shout, strange. We were lynching the wrong one the night ago. It was too bad!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Minister—"My dear madam, let this minister console you for your husband's death. Remember that other and better men than he have gone the same way." Bereaved Widow—"They haven't all gone, have they?"—Puck.

"Did you ever catch any whales?" she Gay said. "May I go with you?" inquired young Woody Witte. "What for?" "Why, to talk to you." "Oh," she rejoined merrily: "I'm not going cheatin'."—Washington Star.

"She was afraid you were going to kiss me when you purred up your lips." He—"Oh, no; I wouldn't dare do that to myself."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mother (sternly)—"Why did you tell that lie to the teacher?" Johnny—"To save somebody from punishment." Mother (moaned)—"I knew there must be some extenuating circumstances. Who was it you wished to save from punishment?" Johnny—"Myself."—Tit-Bits.

"What kind of a man is Skinner?" Does he do much in the way of entertaining?" "Entertaining! Why, Skinner is a good enough fellow in his way, but he thinks too much of his money to spend it in feeding people. Really, I don't believe Skinner is hospitable enough to entertain a grudge."—Boston Transcript.

## PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—London's new mayor, Sir Walter Wilkins, made his fortune by the sale of a German yeast. In view of Sir Walter's probable elevation to a baronetcy at the expiration of his term of office, a political antagonist remarked: "We have Risen would make a fine motto for the family."

—Mrs. Catherine C. McDonald, of Maspeth, L. I., who was educated in the Perkins Institute for the blind, South Boston, originated the thought of a home for blind women, gathered funds interested other women, and at last realized the fruition of her hopes and plans. A home is inscribed with the crown and monogram of the king, and the words, "For a Noble Deed."

—King Oscar, of Sweden and Norway, recently performed a new role in the drama of international politics. In Stockholm, on September 1, he gave a speech in which he declared remarkable success. He also instituted the Ali Abdulla stable, an equine home, and the Zou Memorial Institute, a home for gentlewomen seeking employment. She is a woman of strong individuality, and very persevering.

—Count Oiguna, who is the most willing talker and promoter in Japan, is still advocating his scheme for a great world's fair in Japan, or the year following. He thinks it would be a great advertisement of Japan's resources and progress, and would vastly stimulate commerce with the outer world. His plan is to have a portion of the Chinese indemnity fund—say 10,000,000 yen—set aside for this exposition.

—Miss Helen A. Whittier has for some years been the proprietor and conductor of a noted mill at Lowell, Mass. She is building a new mill at the south, and intends that the product of her southern mill shall be of the coarser and cheaper fabrics, which can be made there to good advantage, with inferior help, while the head looms in Massachusetts are exclusively occupied with the finer grades of manufacture.

—A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Sold.—"Is D'Anber a good painter?" "Yes, good as gold." Do his paintings good? "Yes—those who buy them."—Detroit Free Press.

—The Person—"I want to sell my horse. He's sound as a dollar, gentle as a lamb, and a good goer." "How old is he?" "Oh, about the usual age of horses."—La Cross Chronicle.

—His Habit of Smashing.—"No; nor I wouldn't dare have my husband help when we move." "Why not?" "He's a depot baggage man, you know, and he'd be sure to forget himself."—Chicago Record.

—So you lynched the wrong man? Werent you horrified when you found out the mistake?" "I should shout, strange. We were lynching the wrong one the night ago. It was too bad!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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—"Did you ever catch any whales?" she Gay said. "May I go with you?" inquired young Woody Witte. "What for?" "Why, to talk to you." "Oh," she rejoined merrily: "I'm not going cheatin'."—Washington Star.

"She was afraid you were going to kiss me when you purred up your lips." He—"Oh, no; I wouldn't dare do that to myself."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mother (sternly)—"Why did you tell that lie to the teacher?" Johnny—"To save somebody from punishment." Mother (moaned)—"I knew there must be some extenuating circumstances. Who was it you wished to save from punishment?" Johnny—"Myself."—Tit-Bits.

"What kind of a man is Skinner?" Does he do much in the way of entertaining?" "Entertaining! Why, Skinner is a good enough fellow in his way, but he thinks too much of his money to spend it in feeding people. Really, I don't believe Skinner is hospitable enough to entertain a grudge."—Boston Transcript.

## A POSTMASTER'S WIFE.

**A Leeds Woman Who Astonished Her Friends and Neighbors.**

**Near to Death But Restored to Complete Health by That She Has Been Accepted by a Life Insurance Company as a Good Risk.**

**From the Journal, Leedston, Me.**  
A bright little woman, rosy and fresh from her bed of dukes, dropped into a chair before the writer and talked with enthusiasm shining in her sparkling eyes.

The people in the pretty village of Leeds Center, Me., were somewhat taken aback at the announcement to complete health of Mrs. W. L. Francis, wife of the postmaster. So general were the comments on this interesting case that the writer who visited Mrs. Francis and learned from her that the statements regarding her troubles and her subsequent complete recovery are easily true. All of her neighbors know what has been the agency that has performed this cure, but that others may be benefited by her experience, Mrs. Francis has consented to allow her story to appear in print.

"If there is anything on earth I dread more than another doctor's visit, it is to see my physician's papers. But in this case I conquer my repugnance and give him the same credit to the saving of my life as I would to one who had dragged me from a drowning man. He has been a good doctor, and I exhort all to patronize him. I exhibited my prostrate so enthusiastically and unrewardingly; have sought out sufferers and visitors, and, finally, reluctantly, many friends and acquaintances, that almost every neighbor locally calls me 'Pink Pills Francis.' But really, my recovery is something that I am very proud of. I know that there are so many testimonies of physicians in the papers nowadays that people do not pay as much attention as formerly, but I do wish that those who are suffering from heart trouble that what I say comes right from the heart of a woman who feels that she had a new lease of life given her."

Eleven years ago I was afflicted with serious prostration. My existence until two years ago was one of drudging misery; I had no time to work, and you can imagine my condition. My blood seemed to stand still from my veins, and month after month I grew weaker. I was glad to undertake only the lightest housework, but even then I could perform it only slowly and careful movements. During all these sorry months I had no time to care for the body of this doctor, and that, with the exception of his only son, he is the only one who can help me now. He only goes to town once a week, and then I fall into his hands again.

In the first year I was overwhelmed by the most excruciating pains in my heart and sides, and was obliged to use pellets of powdered opium to relieve them. The doctor gave me for relief in these cases a small dose of opium, which became so grave that I went out only in frequency. We live upstairs, and voice over the floor was a storn, and in descending the stairway I had to stop and rest at each sort of fall and slide over the steps in order to descend, such was the strain on my system, arising from the heart trouble.

Occasionally I visited the physician, but I was obliged to sit and rest to recover my strength before ascending any elevation. In short, I did not walk, excepting when this was my complete physical prostration.

"One day I saw an advertisement of Dr. William Williams' 'Pink Pills' in the paper, although my faith in remedies had given way by that time. I sent for a box and tried them. That was two years ago. Now I call myself a woman again, and am well enough to ascend any elevation without difficulty.

"I haven't had one of those excruciating pains in the heart for a year and a half. When I walk I feel like a steor, and in descending the stairway I have to stop and rest at each sort of fall and slide over the steps in order to descend, such was the strain on my system, arising from the heart trouble.

"Occasionally I visited the physician, but I was obliged to sit and rest to recover my strength before ascending any elevation. In short, I did not walk, excepting when this was my complete physical prostration.

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"I don't very much mind that I'm shooting 'Pink Pills' all through our village! I haven't taken any of the remedy for some months for it has completely relieved me. I am the first sign of trouble I know to what refuge to turn."

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## HOUSEHOLD BREVIETIES.

**Railroad Pudding.**—One cup each of sweet milk, molasses, chopped suet, chopped raisins, one tablespoon of vinegar, one teaspoon each of salt and soda, flour to make quite stiff; steam three hours; serve with cream.—Farmer's Voice.

**For plain paste.**—Mrs. Rorer gave the following recipe: Cut one cup (half a pound) of butter into three cups of flour, add one tablespoonful of salt and enough ice water to moisten and roll and form from you four times and ready to use.

**A little starch water added to cows' milk often sets well, it is said, in holding the casein in a finely-divided state, and thus preventing large tough curds. It mechanically honeycombs the curd, as it were, thereby rendering it more accessible to the gastric juice.**

**Quince Souffle.**—Stew the quinces soft, sweet and pass through a colander. Pour in a dish and cover with a custard made of one pint of milk, three egg yolks, and half a cup of sugar. Whip whites of eggs light with sugar and heap on top.—Farm News.

**The most popular methods of marking napery and bed linen is the use of initials or monograms in cross-stitch. Cross and Holbein embroidery are used to decorate articles made of linen. For the reason that embroidery, properly done, is durable, it is wise to select the best material for this work.**

**Apple Pie.**—Home-dried apples should be stewed very soft and mashed through a colander; when stewing put in two cups of finely-chopped lemon peel and flavor with a little spice. Before putting into the pie pan sweeten and season with cinnamon and nutmeg and stir in a beaten egg. Bake with two crusts, rolled thin, and warm slightly before serving.—Home.

**Whipped Cream.**—Surround a round hollow vessel with broken ice, pat a quart of fresh cream into it; then, with a willow or wire egg-beater whip the cream slowly and steadily until it is firm and has risen to about three times the original quantity. Drain it on a hair sieve, return to the vessel, sweeten with eight ounces of powdered sugar and a little vanilla extract. Mix well and keep on ice until wanted.—N. Y. Ledger.

**Coffee Cake.**—One cup of sugar, one-half cup butter; mix well; add two well-beaten eggs, one-half cup raisins seeded and chopped, one-half cup molasses, one teaspoon ground cinnamon, one teaspoon ground mace and one cup of flour. Add one-half cup baking soda in one-half cup cold coffee and add; mix well and lastly sift in lightly two cups finely sifted flour. This will be found excellent and will keep very long if desired.—Chicago Record.

**Baked Bread Pudding.**—Lay four five meal buttered slices of bread in a deep pan. Take one cupful of sugar, two eggs, one teaspoon corn starch, pinch of salt and beat well with a wooden spoon. Add one quart of milk and pour over bread. Flavor as preferred. Then put an asbestos plate on the stove, put the pudding on with a cover and let slowly come to a boil. Remove cover and boil about fifteen minutes. Cool and serve plain. Boiled it is creamy all through, not a hard crumb in it.—Boston Budget.

**A Hint for the Cook.**—Have you ever stood dispairingly before a crock of strawberries, gooseberries, blackberries, drain plums, and other than all manner of fruit? When you are in a pickle, try this: Boil the fruit in sugar, tasting, puckering your face and throwing in more, glancing dubiously meanwhile at the lowering of the sugar in the can?" asked a housewife recently. "I well remember my grandmother's rule for sweetening pie plant pines," she continued. "It was this: Put in all the sugar your conscience will allow, then add two eggs and boil it in a double bananilla. Her pies were excellent, but the rule was expensive. Here is a cheaper one: When sweetening extremely acid fruits like the above, stir in a little soda before adding the sugar. Experience will guide you as to the quality that may be safely used without destroying the flavor of the fruit. But as a general rule, half a teaspoonful of soda may be used to a quart of very acid fruit."—St. Louis Republic.

**What Is a Kid?**—Her lover sighed. "Grammatically defined," she replied, "It means child." Truth.

**Tracing.**—"And what is meant by keeping the Sabbath holy?" Ethel. "It means to think of something you would like to do, oh, so very much, and then not do it, 'cause it's Sunday."—Indianapolis Journal.

**It matters little of how long standing the pain is, whether it is chronic or acute, and whether it is the result of a disease or a double handicap. Her woes were excellent, but the rule was expensive. Here is a cheaper one: When sweetening extremely acid fruits like the above, stir in a little soda before adding the sugar. Experience will guide you as to the quality that may be safely used without destroying the flavor of the fruit. But as a general rule, half a teaspoonful of soda may be used to a quart of very acid fruit."—St. Louis Republic.**

**A Novelist's Debt to the Bible.**—"I think," Hall Caine says, "that I know the Bible as any ordinary man knows it. There is no book in the library that I like, and the finest novels ever written fall far short in interest of any one of the stories it tells. What ever strong situations I have in my books are not of my creation, but are taken from the Bible. 'The Deemster' is the story of the prodigal son. 'The Bondman' is the story of Esau and Jacob, though in my version sympathetic to the latter. 'The Manxman' is the story of Eli and his sons, with Samuel as a little girl. 'The Manxman' is the story of David and Uriah. My new book also comes out of the Bible, from a perfectly startling source."—McClure's Magazine.

**Through the Glass Darkly.**—"Ha!" cried the bold navigator. "Bring me a glass." He scanned the horizon eagerly. "Another glass. Ha!"

**After the second glass he had no trouble whatever in discerning the outline of the sea serpent, which was swimming in the steaming green water under good control.—Detroit Tribune.**

**In the year 1894, the De Kalb Fence Co., of De Kalb, Ill., doubled their capacity for producing their lines over 180 miles per day. They demand for their goods an output of 20 miles per day. The demand for their goods has been so great that they have been compelled to supply their trade, they have been compelled to double the capacity of their plant this year to double the capacity of 40 miles per day.**

**This year, however, the De Kalb Fence Co., of De Kalb, Ill., doubled their capacity for producing their lines over 180 miles per day. The demand for their goods has been so great that they have been compelled to supply their trade, they have been compelled to double the capacity of their plant this year to double the capacity of 40 miles per day.**

**They merit the attention and protection of weavers, who are in great need of smooth wire fencing of any kind. It will be to your interest to write for their catalog, which is the largest and most complete, comprising the largest and most complete line of smooth wire fencing now produced by any one plant in the country.**

**See their ad. elsewhere in this paper.**

**"REMEMBER that politeness always pays, my boy," said the benevolent old gentleman to his "bootblacked" boy. "I'd rather be thanked than blamed, but I'd rather be blamed than go hungry."**

**—Fitzburgh Chronicle-Telegram.**

### Very Rich Indeed

**In the elements that supply the human system with bone, muscle and brain substance is a circulation fertilized with the supreme life-giving force, Bitter, which begins thorough assimilation and digestion, and gives a healthful impulse to every function of the body. Dyspeptic and weakly persons are greatly relieved by Bitter. So do those troubled with biliousness, malaria, rheumatism, constipation and inactivity of the kidneys.**

**Tourist. —"What's the mean temperature around here?" Boomer. —"Stranger, that ain't any mean temperature, hairyabouts, it's allus delightful!"—Truth.**

### To Cleanse the System

**Effectually, yet gently, when constive or bilious, to remove accumulated habit of constipation, to awaken the kidneys, to live a healthy activity without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, colds or fevers, use Syrup of Figs.**

**"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROUBLES" are the simplest, quickest and most effectual remedy for Bronchitis, Asthma and Throat Diseases.**

**It takes much marble to build the sepulcher. How little of lath and plaster would have repaired the garret.—Bulwer.**

**"Have you seen that portrait of Miss Dawkins by Marlous Boran? It looks just like an old master." "Do you think so? I thought it looked more like an old maid."—Brooklyn Star.**

**Con. [sic] [anxious]—"Hold on! That lead hasn't been wet long. It sticks to me rather large for a ton." Driver. —"Taint intended for a ton. It's too ton." Dealer. —"Beep pardons. Go ahead."—Tic-Bits.**

**A Hand Part. —He—"I understand your part in the play is very difficult." She—"Well, I have nothing in my costume thirteen times."—Brooklyn Star.**

**No Mystery. —Misses [sic] [anxious]—"How nice this fire happened to go out!" New Girl [innocently].—"I guess you forgot to tell me to put coal on."—N. Y. Weekly.**

**CRIMSONBEAK.—"Are you going to the square?" Yeast.—"Yes." "I expect to." "Where are you going?" "Going broke." "That'd be no disgrace."—Yonkers Statesman.**

**BIGOSOX.—"How well you're looking this morning, Jigson!" Jigson.—"Yes; I have never looked better in my life. I'm looking like a man who owes me five pounds."—Tic-Bits.**

**Customer.—"Can I buy an engagement ring on the installment plan?" Clerk.—"Yes, if you can give us security." Customer: "What's your name?"—Puck.**

**"Did you find that he was a relation?"—"Oh, yes—unmistakably." "How was that?"—"He borrowed one dollar from me almost before I had introduced myself."—Truth.**

**Tracing.—"And what is meant by keeping the Sabbath holy?" Ethel. "It means to think of something you would like to do, oh, so very much, and then not do it, 'cause it's Sunday."—Indianapolis Journal.**

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**GASCAETS.**—candy-cusharts over complexion. Candy-cusharts are easy, sold by druggists everywhere, guaranteed to cure.

**THE STERLING REMEDY CO., NEW YORK.**

**MONTRÉAL, CANADA.**

**DE KALB FENCE CO., DE KALB, ILL.**

**WALTER BAKER & CO., LIMITED, DORCHESTER, MASS.**

**STEEL WEB PICKET FENCE.**

**Also CABLED POULTRY, GARDEN AND RABBIT FENCE.**

**We manufacture a complete line of Smooth Wire Fencing and guarantee every article to be as good as new. Represent your dealer to show you this Fence.**

**DE KALB FENCE CO., DE KALB, ILL.**

**The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.**

**KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.**

**DONALD KENNEDY, of Roxbury, Mass.,**

**has discovered in one of our common**

**pastures a remedy that cures every**

**kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula**

**down to a common Pimple.**

**He has sold and never failed except in two cases**

**(both thunder humor). He has now in his**

**possession over two hundred certificates**

**of its value, all within twenty miles of**

**Boston. Send postal card for book,**

**free bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted**

**when the right quantity is taken.**

**When the lungs are affected it causes**

**shooting pains, like needles passing**

**through the body, the liver or**

**lungs. This is caused by the disease**

**being stopped, and always disappears in a**

**week after taking it. Read the label.**

**If the stomach is foul or bilious it will**

**cause squeamish feelings at first.**

**No change of diet necessary. Just**

**a change of water in the usual way.**

**Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bed-**

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## WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 24, 1896.

Nothing of a startling nature accompanied the holding of the national silver conference in Washington this week. Nearly one hundred ardent and enthusiastic friends of silver held secret sessions and ratified the determination reached at the last conference to hold a national convention and put a national silver ticket in the field. The silver men in congress were conspicuous by their absence, and it was probably their absence which caused Senator Stewart, who took part in the conference, to say that there were men in congress talking silver who were traitors to the cause. The delegates to the silver conference expressed confidence that the silver men in the Republican and Democratic parties would nearly all go to the new party after their national conventions, unless one or the other of them should put a silver plank in their platform, which is not regarded as probable. The Populists are not willing to be swallowed by the silver party, because they think they are in a better condition to do the swallowing, having shown a strength of 1,250,000 votes, while the strength of the new party is yet to be shown.

The Monroe doctrine is still capable of furnishing sensations to order. The reporting of the resolution affirming that doctrine, by the senate committee in foreign relations, had nothing sensational about it, although many who thoroughly believe in the doctrine thought its wording somewhat unfortunate, and unnecessarily explicit. But it has been followed by several sensational features. There is an apparently concerted effort on the part of a coterie of big newspapers to stir up opposition to the resolution and the administration, which started the whole Monroe doctrine discussion, by using its influence to prevent the resolution being pushed to a vote, on the ground that its adoption would endanger the peaceful settlement of the Venezuela squabble. But the greatest sensation was the speech of Senator Wolcott, of Colorado, attacking not only the resolution reported to the senate, but the Monroe doctrine itself. The stock of sensations in this question is not yet exhausted, either.

While the urgency deficiency bill, which carries \$3,212,682 to meet deficiencies in the regular appropriations for United States courts, and nearly a million and a half more to meet other deficiencies, and which was this week passed by the house, was under discussion, there was some very plain talk by members about the manner in which these courts are run, and especially about the abuses of the fee system. To show that cases are "made" for the fees, Representative Swanson, of Virginia, called attention to the fact that more than 45 per cent of the suits brought in the United States courts are dismissed. Representative Lacy, of Iowa, declared the whole system to be honeycombed with fraud, and said that judges appointed for life did not always feel a keen desire to reduce expenditures, because they sometimes helped to fatten on the spoils. He said there was one man in Arkansas who had the office of clerk of United States district court, clerk of the circuit court and clerk to the United States commissioner, and drew over \$12,000 a year in fees.

The action of Comptroller Bowler, in holding up the sugar bounty appropriation, is going to be investigated by the house judiciary committee, as soon as the house adopts a resolution reported from that committee, authorizing the investigation.

The senate passed 65 bills in less than two hours one day this week, but they were all bills which had no opposition and, while important to those directly interested, were not of general importance.

Members of the house are beginning to speculate on the probability of an unusually early adjournment for a long session. If the senate was as thoroughly controlled as the house is, an early adjournment would be easily arrived at, just as it is the Fourth of July is likely to find congress in session.

It was fitting that a resolution calling upon the European powers to interfere to protect the Christians of Armenia, as they have a right to do, from Turkish brutality and oppression, should be reported to the senate on the same day that Miss Clara Barton, president of the Red Cross Society, sailed from New York to attempt to carry relief contributed by citizens of the United States to the suffering Armenians, although the Sultan of Turkey has said that she should not enter Armenia.

It is evident that an understanding

exists between the administration and those who control the foreign committees of the house and senate on the question of recognizing the belligerency of the Cuban revolutionists. Secretary Olney has furnished those committees with all the information the administration has on the subject, but it is the opinion of those who ought to know best that no move will be made in congress to compel the president to act before he wishes to.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is famous for its great benefits. It cures the asthmatics, relieves the lungs, and aids nature in restoring the system to a healthy condition. If freely used, as soon as the cold has been contracted, and before it has become settled in the system, it greatly lessens the severity of the attack, and has often cured in a single day what would have been a severe cold. For sale by John M. Rose.

J. M. Havens the jeweler, has been busy several days putting in counters, etc., preparatory to receiving a line of jewelry and optical goods. His specialty will be spectacles and eye glasses, and he has been studying the art of fitting glasses to the eye for some time, all may be assured of good work.

**HILMENTS CURED FREE.**

WITH



Doubtless you have often heard of the wonderful cures of helpless invalids, and others who have been cured by the Electrosope after all other treatment had failed. If you desire to know more about it write to us. If you desire to own an Electrosope you can do so without cost. We have a limited number which we will put out absolutely Free. This offer is to you, if you want to take advantage of it do so at once.

Mr. T. E. C. Brindley, the plow manufacturer, of Louisville, one of the best known men in the state, has the following to say about the Electrosope:

"I was suffering from after effects of La Grippe; a short treatment with the Electrosope produced remarkable results. It is certainly a wonderful instrument and all who are afflicted should use it, as it is almost certain to benefit them."

**DUBOIS and WEBB,**  
513 FOURTH AVE.  
Louisville, Ky.

Please mention this paper when writing.

**Going to Lexington?**  
CALL ON  
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The Wonderful  
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A wonderful remedy for the cure of all external diseases of man and beast. 50 cents a bottle.

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An indispensable household remedy for all diseases arising from a disordered condition of the liver, stomach and bowels, kidney difficulties and blood derangements. 50 cents a bottle.

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A specific for biliousness, headache, dispensis, indigestion, and other kindred ailments. 25 pills 25 cents.

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A substitute for Quinine. Cures all forms of malaria, intermittent fever, neuralgia, etc., etc. 25 pills 25 cents.

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## PATENT MEDICINES

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If you have any derangement of the Liver, Kidneys or Stomach; If your Blood is impure, If troubled with constipation, or if your whole system is run down and needs building up, try

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An absolutely infallible and never-failing remedy for all forms of headache — no matter what the cause—and also a ready relief for every pain flesh is heir to. 50 cents a box.

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The wonderful sales of this remedy within the past few years, and the continued increase in sales week by week, together with the many testimonials tendered us as to its effectiveness stamp it as a sure shot for this dread disease. When you become disgusted with the so-called specifics get a box of WHITEHALL'S RHEUMATIC CURE and find ready relief. 50 cents a box.

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## DON'T STOP TOBACCO

IT'S INJURIOUS TO STOP SUDENLY, and don't be induced to do so, as it is nothing more than a substitute. In the sudden stopping of tobacco you must have some stimulant, and in most all cases, the effect of the stimulant, be it opium, morphine, or other opiates, leaves a far worse habit contracted. Ask your druggist about BACO-CURO. It WILL NOT harm you. You do not

have to stop using tobacco with BACO-CURO. It WILL NOT

harm you. To smoo and your desire for tobacco will cease. Your system will be free from nicotine as the day before you took your first chew or smoke. An iron-clad written guarantee to absolutely cure the tobacco habit in all its forms, or money refunded. Price \$1.00 per box or 3 boxes (\$30 days treatment and guaranteed cure), \$2.50. For sale by all druggists or will be sent by mail upon receipt of price. SEND SIX TWO CFNT STAMPS FOR SAMPLE BOX. Booklets and proof free.

Eureka Chemical & Mfg Co., La Crosse, Wis.

Office of THE PIONEER PRESS COMPANY, C. W. HORNICK, Supt.

ST. PAUL, MINN., September 7, 1894.

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Dear Sirs: I have been a tobacco user for many years, and during the past two years have been suffering from various complaints regularly every day. My whole nervous system became affected, until my physician told me I must give up the use of tobacco for the time being, at least. I tried the so-called "Keeley Cure," "No-To-Bac," and various other remedies, but without success, until I accidentally learned of your "Baco-Curo" Cure. Since I have been using it I have never had a bad day since. Today I consider myself completely cured! I am in full health, and the horrible craving for tobacco, which every inveterate smoker fully appreciates, has completely left me. I consider your "Baco-Curo" simply wonderful, and can fully recommend it. Yours very truly, C. W. HORNICK.

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Jeweler Silversmith,

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**The Best. and. Cheapest. Cook**

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Queensware at Cut-Throat Prices.

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Send for complete catalogue and price-list.

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and other cities the country over. We are the oldest  
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will sell to you at a reasonable price. We  
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